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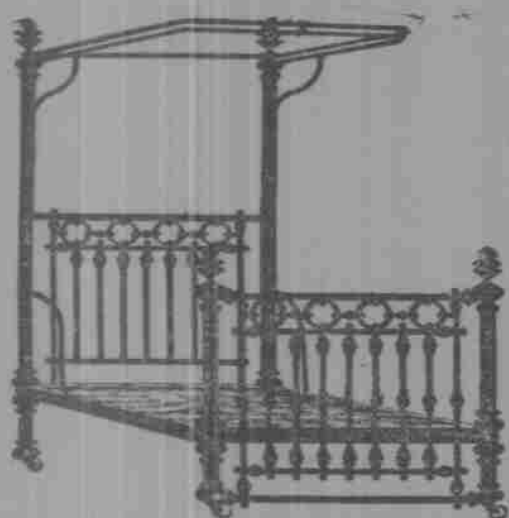
Like the glowing petals of a gorgeous flower diffusing brightness within the radii of its existence are bits of furniture loveliness scattered here and there throughout our stock. Maybe it is seen in a gilded divan, a cream and gold tinted reception chair or a rocker which carries a style distinctly its own. The dainty ladies desks, too, have claims by reason of utility and beauty. We have gathered these things into our stores that you may brighten your homes with them. We are on the threshold of the Christmas giving and our stock is replete with ideas along that line of thought and action.

## BOOKCASES.

It may be that your mind to you is a kingdom of ideas, but if you would strengthen it and push out beyond its present confines you must borrow from the rich harvests which the kingdom of other men's ideas have yielded to the world in the shape of books. Too many intellects in their bright imperial ascendancy assert contempt of other men's ideas as abundantly manifested in books neglected, dust-covered, and left to spoil in garret or cellar. To rescue these books from an ill-deserved fate, if they be valuable, and to give them the position of honored guests in your homes, we would suggest the propriety of purchasing one of our many new-style book cases for their permanent abiding place.

Prices of which run from \$5, \$10, \$12 to \$45.

## IRON BEDS.



Their sanitary properties, their ready adaptation to ornamental requirements and diverse designs are being more readily appreciated since we put in our stock of them. We offer now from our almost daily diminishing stock some new beds which possess a number of favorable features to recommend them. They are in prices \$7, \$8, \$12, \$13 and \$35, in color, mostly white with brass trimmings. An all nickel plated bedstead is a novelty. Who would not covet so nice an article? The price? Only \$40.

## LADIES' TOILET TABLES.

Nothing quite so dainty, so exquisite in proportion, so becoming to the room—to the boudoir, as one of these tables. There's a well defined suggestion of refinement, of correct taste in the possession of one—so different, yet in such pleasant contrast with their delicate, almost fragile proportions, with the heavy dresser, nevertheless an appropriate companion piece of furniture. We have them in oak and curly birch. Our pen lacks merit to sufficiently praise them. As a gift from father to daughter nothing could carry with it a livelier testimonial of his regard nor be held in higher esteem than this delightful accessory to a well furnished room. Prices are \$25. Such a gift would be fragrant with the memory of the donor.

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## BIG REVIVAL IS NEAR.

ALL MANKIND IS TURNING TOWARD ISRAEL.

Dr. Talmage Reads the Signs of the Times in a Notable Sermon—Real Meaning of Electricity, Steam and Other Improvements.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 2.—Dr. Talmage chose for the subject of his sermon through the press today, the "Objections to Religious Revivals," from the text: Luke x:6, "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net broke."

Simon and his comrades had experienced the night before what fishermen call "poor luck." Christ steps on board the fishing smack and tells the sailors to pull away from the beach, and directs them to sink the net. Sure enough, very soon the net is full of fishes, and the sailors begin to haul in. So large a school of fish was taken, that the hardy men begin to look red in the face as they pull, and hardly have they begun to rejoice at their success when snap goes a thread of the net, and snap goes another thread, so there is danger not only of losing the fish, but of losing the net.

Without much care as to how much the boat tilts, or how much water is splashed on deck, the fishermen rush about, gathering up the broken meshes of the net. Out yonder is a ship dancing on the wave, and they hail it: "Ship ahoy! bear down this way!" The ship comes, and both boats and fishing smacks are filled with the floundering treasures.

"Ah!" says some one, "how much better it would have been if they had stayed on shore, and fished with a hook and line, and taken one at a time, instead of having this great excitement, and the boat almost upset, and the net broken, and having to call for help, and getting sopping wet with the sea!" The church is the boat, the gospel is the net, society is the sea, and a great revival is a whole school brought in at one sweep of the net. I have admiration for that man who goes out with a hook and line to fish. I admire the way he unavoids the reel, and adjusts the bait, and drops the hook in a quiet place on a still afternoon, and here catches one and there one; but I like also a big boat, and a large crew, and a net a mile long, and swift sails, and stout sails, and a stiff breeze, and a great multitude of souls brought—so great a multitude that you have to get help to draw it ashore, straining the net to the utmost until it breaks here and there, letting a few escape, but bringing the great multitude into eternal safety.

In other words, I believe in revivals. The great work of saving men began with 3,000 people joining the church in one day, and it will close with forty or a hundred million people saved in twenty-four hours, when nations shall be born in a day. But there are objections to revivals. People are opposed to them because the net might get broken, and if by the pressure of souls it does not get broken, then they take their own penknives and slit the net. "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes and the net broke."

It is sometimes opposed to revivals of religion that those who come into the church at such times do not hold out as long as there is a gale of blessing, they have their sails up; but as soon as strong winds stop blowing, then they drop into a dead calm. But what are the facts in the case? In all our churches, the vast majority of the useful people are those who are brought in under great awakenings, and they hold out. Who are the prominent men in the United States in churches, in prayer meetings, in Sabbath schools? For the most part they are the product of great awakenings. I have noticed that those who are brought into the Kingdom of God through revivals have more persistence and more determination in the Christian life than those who come in under a low state of religion. People born in an ice house may live, but they will never get over the cold they caught in the ice house. A cannon ball depends upon the impulse with which it starts for how far it shall go and how swiftly; and the greater the revival force with which a soul is started, the more far-reaching and far-reaching will be the execution.

But it is sometimes objected to revivals that there is too much excitement that people mistake hysteria for religion.

We must admit that in every revival of religion there is either a suppressed or a demonstrated excitement. Indeed, if a man can go out of a state of condemnation into a state of acceptance with God, or see others go, without any agitation of soul, he is an unhealthy, morbid state, and is as repulsive and absurd as a man who should boast he saw a child snatched out from under a horse's hoofs, and felt no agitation, or saw a man rescued from the fourth story of a house on fire, and felt no acceleration of the pulse.

Salvation from sin and death and hell into life and peace and heaven forever, is such a tremendous thing that if a man tells me he can look on it without any agitation I doubt his Christianity. The fact is, that sometimes excitement is the most important possible thing. In case of resuscitation from drowning or freezing the one idea is to excite animation. Before conversion we are dead. It is the business of the church to revive arouse, awaken, resuscitate, startle into life. Excitement is bad or good according to what it makes us do. It makes us do that which is bad, it is bad excitement; but if it makes us agitated about our eternal welfare, if it makes us pray, if it makes us attend upon Christian service, if it makes us cry unto God for mercy, then it is a good excitement.

It is sometimes said that during revivals of religion great multitudes of children and young people are brought into the church, and they do not know what they are about. It has been my observation that the earlier people come into the kingdom of God the more useful they are.

Robert Hall, the prince of Baptist preachers, was converted at 12 years of age. It is supposed he knew what he was about. Matthew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the scriptures, was converted at 11 years of age; Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian church, was converted at 10 years of age; Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at 9 years of age; Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at 7 years of age; and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their child at 7 years of age, "You are too young to be a Christian," or "You are too young to connect yourself with the church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.

If during a revival two persons present themselves as candidates for the church, and the one is ten years of age and the other is 40 years of age, I will have more confidence in the profession of religion of the one 10 years of age than the one 40 years of age. Why? The one who professes at 40 years of age has forty years of impulse in the wrong direction to correct, the child has only ten years in the wrong direction to correct. Four times ten are forty. Four times the religious prospect for the lad that comes into the kingdom of God, and into the church at 10 years of age than the man at 40.

I am very apt to look upon revivals as connected with certain men who fostered them. People who in this day do not like revivals, nevertheless have not words to express their admiration for the revivalists of the past, for they were revivalists—Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, George Whitfield, Fletcher Griffin, Davies, Osborn, Knapp, Nettleton, and many others whose names come to my mind. The strength of their intellect and the holiness of their lives make me think they would not have anything to do with that which was ephemeral. Oh! it is easy to talk against revivals.

A man said to Mr. Dawson: "I like your sermons very much, but the after meetings I despise. When the prayer meetings begin I always go up into the gallery and look down, and I am disgusted." "Well," said Mr. Dawson, "the reason is you go on the top of your neighbor's house and look down his chimney to examine his fire, and of course you only get smoke in your eyes. Why don't you come in the door and sit down and warm?"

Oh! I am afraid to say anything against revivals of religion, or against anything that looks like them, because I think it may be a sin against the Holy Ghost, and you know the Bible says that a sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor the world to come. Now, if you are a painter, and I speak against your pictures, do I not speak against you? If you are an architect, and I speak against a building you put up, do I not speak against you? If a revival be the work of the Holy Ghost, and I speak against that revival, do I not speak against the Holy Ghost? And whoever speaks against the Holy Ghost, says the Bible, he shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world to come. I think sometimes people have made a fatal mistake in this direction.

Many of you know the history of Aaron Burr. He was one of the most brilliant men of his day. I suppose this country never produced a stronger intellect. He was capable of doing anything good and great for his country, or for the Church of God had he been rightly disposed; but his name is associated with treason against the United States government which he tried to overthrow, and with libertinism and public immorality.

Do you know where Aaron Burr started on the downward road. It was when he was in college, and he became anxious about his soul, and was about to put himself under the influence of a revival, and a minister of religion said: Don't go there Aaron, don't go there; that's a place of wildfire and great excitement; no religion about that; don't go there. He hurried away. His serious impressions departed. He started on the downward road. And who is responsible for his ruin? Was it the minister who warned him against that revival?

When I am speaking of excitement in revivals, of course I do not mean temporary derangement of the nerves; I do not mean the absurd things of which we have read as transpiring sometime in the church of Christ, but I mean an intelligent, intense, all absorbing agitation of body, mind and soul in the work of spiritual escape and spiritual rescue.

The difficulty is that when a revival begins in a church it begins at so many points, that while you have doused one anxious soul with a pail of cold water, there are 500 other anxious souls on fire. Oh! how much better it would be to lay hold of the chariot of Christ's gospel and help pull it on rather than to fling ourselves in front of the wheels, trying to block their progress. We will not stop the chariot, but we ourselves will be ground to powder.

Did you ever hear that there was a convention once held among the icebergs in the Arctic? It seems that the summer was coming on and the sun was getting hotter and hotter, and there was danger that the whole ice field would break up and flow away; so the tallest, and the coldest, and the broadest of all the icebergs, the very king of the Arctic, stood at the head of the convention, and with a gavel of ice smote on a table of the melting sea.

convention to order. But the sun kept growing in intensity of heat, and the south wind blew stronger and stronger, and soon all the ice field began to flow away. The first resolution passed by the convention was: "Resolved, That we abolish the sun."

But the sun would not be abolished. The heat of the sun grew greater and greater until after awhile the very king of the icebergs began to periscope under the glow, and the smaller icebergs fell over, and the cry was: "Too much excitement! order! order!" Then the whole body, the whole field of ice, began to flow out, and a thousand voices began to ask: "Where are we going to now? Where are we floating to? We will all break to pieces." By this time the icebergs had reached the gulf stream; and they were melted into the bosom of the Atlantic ocean. The icebergs are frigid Christians. The warm gulf stream is a great revival. The ocean into which everything melted is the great, wide heart of the pardoning and sympathizing God.

But I think, after all, the greatest obstacle to revivals throughout Christendom to-day is an unconverted ministry. We must believe that the vast majority of those who officiate at sacred altars are regenerated; but I suppose there may float into the ministry of all the denominations of Christians men whose hearts have never been changed by the grace of God. Of course they are all antagonistic to revivals.

Suppose by some extra prolongation of human life, at the next fifty years you should walk around the world, you would not in all that walk find one person that you recognize. Why? All dead, or so changed you would not know them. In other words, if you postpone the redemption of this world for fifty years, you admit that the majority of the two whole generations shall go off the stage unblest and un saved. I tell you the church of Jesus Christ can not consent to it. We must pray and toil and have the revival spirit, and we must struggle to have the whole world saved before the men and women now in middle life pass off.

"Oh!" you say, "it is too vast an enterprise to be conducted in so short a time." Do you know how long it would take to save the whole world if each man would bring another? It would take ten years. By a calculation in compound interest, each man bringing another and that one another, and that one another, in ten years the whole world would be saved. If the world is not saved in the next ten years, it will be the fault of the Church of Christ.

It seems to me as if God is preparing the world for some quick and universal movement. A celebrated electrician gave me a telegraph chart of the world. On that chart the wires crossing the continents and the cables under the sea looked like veins red with blood. On that chart I see that the headquarters of the lightnings are in Great Britain and the United States. In London and New York the lightnings are stable, waiting to be harnessed for some quick dispatch. That shows you that the telegraph is in possession of Christianity.

It is a significant fact that the man who invented the telegraph was an old fashioned Christian—Prof. Morse, and that the man who put the telegraph under the sea was an old fashioned Christian—Cyrus W. Field; and that the president of the most famous of the telegraph companies of country was an old fashioned Christian—William Oton, going straight to his home in heaven. What does all that mean?

I do not suppose that the telegraph was invented merely to let us know whether four is up or down, or which filly won the race at the Derby, or which marksman beat at Dollymount. I suppose the telegraph was invented and built to call the world to God.

In some of the attributes of the Lord we seem to share on a small scale. For instance, in his love and in his kindness, but not in his foreknowledge, omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, seem to have been exclusively God's possession. God desiring to make the race like himself, gives us a species of foreknowledge in the weather probabilities, gives us a species of omniscience in telegraphy, gives us a species of omnipresence in the telephone, gives us a species of omnipotence in the steam power. Discoveries and inventions all around about us, people are asking what next?

I will tell you what next. Next, a stupendous religious movement. Next, the end of war. Next, the crash of despotisms. Next, the world's expurgation. Next, the Christlike dominion. Next, the judgment. What becomes of the world after I care not. It will have suffered and achieved enough for one world. Lay it up in the dry-docks of eternity, like an old man-of-war gone out of service. Or, if it is like a ship of relief to carry bread to some other suffering planet. Or, let it be demolished. Farewell, dear old world, that began with paradise and ended with judgment conflagration.

Baffles the Medical Students.

John D. Reese, an ironworker, of Youngstown, Ohio, who never saw the inside of a medical school, is causing a sensation by his marvelous dexterity in setting broken limbs, dislocated members and reducing sprains that have baffled the skill of many expert surgeons. His skill has given him the name of "Bonesetter" Reese, and he has a room filled with crutches and canes left by patients who entered his modest residence crippled and walked away cured. Reese still retains his position in a rolling mill, devoting his spare time to curing the afflicted.

French Newspapers in Switzerland. The Swiss government taxes French newspapers.

The total value of the United States mineral products last year was \$609,821,470, being the smallest since 1889.

## THE AUTHOR OF "TRILBY."

Artist du Maurier and How He Came to Write His Famous Novel.

For nearly 30 years George du Maurier has been famous as an artist. Today he is known the world over as a novelist, as the author of "Trilby," one of the literary sensations of the day.



GEORGE DU MAURIER.

"Trilby" is the literary "hit" of the year. Du Maurier was born in Paris March 6, 1834, and has consequently passed the half century mark. His full name is George Louis Palmella Bussan du Maurier, but three of his given names are only asked to do duty on special occasions. Early in life Du Maurier passed six years in New York city, and about 1855 went to London, where at the urgent solicitation of relatives and friends and much against his own inclination he set up a laboratory and endeavored to become a chemist. He learned the science very thoroughly, became a proficient pianist, violinist and singer, and displayed decided talent with pencil and brush. His voice is a surprisingly rich and clear tenor, and one of his ambitions was to become a professional singer, but his parents discouraged him.

He became disgusted with chemistry and went to Paris to devote himself to art, of which he had been passionately fond for years. Here he fell in with Whistler, Poynter and other kindred spirits, and the boon companions led a very lively life in the Latin quarter, echoes of which are to be heard in "Trilby." He then went to Antwerp to study Flemish art, and while there became hopelessly blind in one eye.

He was then warned to give up art work altogether or imperil the sight of his good eye, but he disregarded the warning and has since won fame and fortune as one of Punch's greatest society caricaturists.

Mr. du Maurier turned his attention to serious literature only a few years ago at the suggestion of Henry James, to whom he had outlined several plots that were forming in his mind. One of them became his first novel, "Peter Ibbetson," and another the strange, fascinating "Trilby" that has created such a furor in literary circles. Mr. du Maurier is happily married, has several pretty daughters, who are models for many of his pictures, and is a most genial host and companion.

## THE GHOST WALKS SLOWLY.

That is Why the Erudite Justices Do Not Admire First Comptroller Bowler.

The erudite and dignified justices of the supreme court of the United States are much incensed against Robert E. Bowler, the first comptroller of the treasury department, because he has laid out a new route for the "ghost" to walk monthly. The justices until recently received their pay in the shape of warrants drawn on the treasury department, and which could be cashed or deposited in bank like checks. The reforms accomplished by the Dockery commission have done away with this scheme, and now the justices are paid by the disbursing officer of the department of justice, who has an open account with the treasury department, and who mails to each justice on the first of the month not a warrant or check, but a voucher that must be signed and returned before his personal check covering the amount of salary due is sent to the learned legal luminary.

In the minds of the justices there is nothing particularly objectionable about this method of procedure so long as they are in Washington, but when they are away on their long circuits, one of which, for example, covers California, Oregon, Nevada, Arizona and Alaska, the voucher and check business is a decided nuisance. When a justice is on his circuit, a voucher chases him from city to city until it finally reaches him and is signed and returned. He goes on and is then chased for a week or two by the personal check. The result is that the justices, who only receive the buggary salary of \$10,000 a year, find difficulty in making both ends meet when their checks are delayed a week or two. The trouble could be overcome if Mr. Bowler would permit the justices to give powers of attorney to their bankers, but this he refuses to do, declaring that he proposes to enforce a uniform system of payments. From his decision there seems to be no appeal. His signature is required on nearly all warrants issued by the secretary of the treasury.

Mr. Bowler is a Cincinnati lawyer. He ran for congress on the Democratic ticket in the First Ohio district in 1892, but was defeated.

## Champ Clark's Successor.

William Treloar of Mexico, Mo., who defeated Representative Champ Clark in the Ninth Missouri congressional district, is a professor of music at the Hardin college at Mexico and made practically no canvass during the campaign. While it lasted he was joked on all sides about the nomination, and as he walked the streets of Mexico going to and from his classes he was asked ironically how the campaign was going. Treloar would reply: "All right, I reckon. You fellows would feel funny if I beat you, wouldn't you?" "I should say so," his tormentors would respond. "Well," the professor would say as he moved away, "so would I." Even his own family made fun of his chances.



## A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'sore' feeling in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their universal conclusion, there is no relief. Once it fastens upon a person, they say, it continues its hideous progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been doctoring a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit. When I saw an advertisement of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvellous as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down from 150 to 135. Four others have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine on my recommendation, and it has been successful in their cases as in mine." James Kane, La Rue, O.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

For Sale by all Druggists.

## SERMONETTES.

No one can be happy without first being useful.

Our highest joy comes when others rejoice with us.

The honest man never stops to inquire if honesty pays.

It requires more grace to suffer patiently than to serve laboriously.

Honor the old, instruct the young, consult the wise and bear with the foolish.

The contentment of a loving soul lights the human face and makes it lovely.

Do little things now. So shall big things come to thee, by and by, asking to be done.

Courtesy is the natural expression of the genial, gentle soul at home in its social environment.

Let every man ask himself with which of his faculties he can and will somehow influence his age.

## Susan's Bonnet.

When Susan puts her bonnet on, she tips it on this side and that and kinks her curls up, and anon she plasters them out flat. She throws her head to left and right and turns it around back side before, and then she puts her bangles lightly, then turns to look once more. And often one whole hour is gone ere Susan gets her bonnet on.

When Susan puts her bonnet on, she stands before her mirror there, while patient, unconplaining John waits with the calm of blank despair. She holds her head this way and that and pouts her mouth and jerks her nose; then on her heels she settles flat, then stands upon her toes. And all this while waits patient John, while Susan puts her bonnet on.

When Susan gets her bonnet on, it well repays the tug and stress, for then she stands a paragon of unexampled loveliness. And when she pins it with the pin that seems to stick right through her head John thinks "would be a mortal sin, for which the wretch should be struck dead, to speak a word of blame upon the way she puts her bonnet on."—New York World.

## The Paternal Rack.

Young Man—Why does Mr. Jinks have such a hangdog no account look? Is it because he is in financial trouble?

Old Man—Oh, no. It is because he is the father of children of school age, and they have begun to ask him to help them with their arithmetic.—New York Weekly.

## Their Redemding Feature.

Mme. Bashieu—I think Ruskin's titles for his books are so happy.

Mme. Smithson—How so?

Mme. Bashieu—When you know the title of one of his books, you always know one of the things it isn't about.—Chicago Record.

## As They Pass.



"He says we are so alike he took us for sisters."

"Just like him. He owes me a grudge."—Life.

112 and 114 West 8th, Peerless Steam Laundry. Prescott & Co. have removed to No. 118 West Eighth street.